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THE TWO GREECES

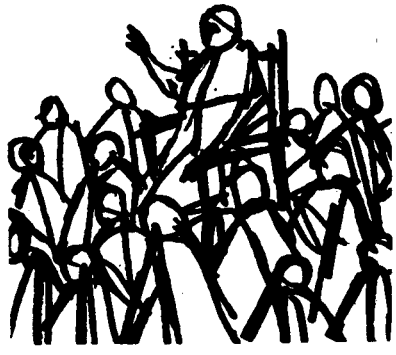
BEWARE OF AMERICANS BEARING GIFTS

MAURICE GOLDBLOOM

KUNG ON INFALLIBILITY

THE FIRST SALVO IN A MOMENTOUS BATTLE

CHARLES DAVIS



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IRELAND'S GREAT KIDNAP PLOT
JOHN HORGAN

OIL SLICK ON THE POTOMAC
SAM HOUSTON

ARE CHILDREN POETS?
BARRY WALLENSTEIN

SIX EASY PIECES PHILIP T. HARTUNG **THE USES OF DISORDER** DOUGLASS McFERRAN **LITERATURE OF THE HOLOCAUST** JACK RIEMER **THREE CORNERED HEART** MAISIE WARD

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NEWS & VIEWS

Study in Contrasts

In Baltimore, Cardinal Shehan hurried to jail to visit priests of his jurisdiction picked up in connection with the alleged plot to kidnap Henry Kissinger and end the war by mucking up the steam pipes of a couple of government buildings.

In Tarrytown, N.Y., John J. Meng, president of Marymount College, hurried into print with a statement exclaiming that Marymount "as an academic institution does not consider itself responsible for the personal actions, attitudes, or political opinions of its faculty members, lay or religious."

Meng wasn't disowning faculty-member Sister Elizabeth McAlister, one of the alleged co-conspirators in the alleged plot. But, unlike Shehan, he wasn't sticking out his neck, nor the institution's, not a wee bit.

To make sure the world knew where Meng and Marymount stood, he added: ". . . it should be clearly understood that neither the college nor its administrators has any sympathy for the type of political protest that involves disregard for the laws of the United States."

The contrast between the Shehan and the Meng approaches grew sharper as the days passed.

Shehan steered the archdiocesan attorney to the priests' defense and, when bail was arranged, received Father Neil R. McLaughlin and Father Joseph R. Wenderoth into his legal custody.

Meng came forth with a Jan. 18 clarification of his Jan. 13 statement. "Academic suspension *with pay* is a standard and well understood action in academic circles," said Meng (academic suspension with pay being Sister Elizabeth's lot); it is "a neutral action" and "imputes neither guilt nor innocence."

Viewed in the context of Shehan's Christian "risks," it was "neutral" indeed, and very, very cool.

Part of the problem, undoubtedly, in the Marymount reaction was the fact that it was midterm recess and there was no student body to crystallize support for Sister. Arleen Sachs of the *Newark Evening News* wandered around, then wrote that "Meng's brief statement . . . seemed to be the only visible sign of interest in the nun on campus."

It was too much credit for Meng, whose primary interest seemed to be the reassurance of alumnae and parents of students that Marymount was no revolutionaries' den.

And it was too little credit to the Marymount College Senate, which was getting together a partially redeeming statement: "Her standards and achievements in scholarship have been noteworthy. . . . Her deep convictions concerning the dignity of man, which include an abhorrence of war and of violence in any form, have distinguished her as a woman of principle and honor. . . ."

Sister Elizabeth's order, the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary, added an expression of "communal support"—for her and for Sister Jogues Egan, the former RSHM provincial, who was named a co-conspirator but not a co-defendant in the case.

"They are members of our community in good standing," said this statement. ". . . both of these sisters are dedicated religious who have shown a strong social concern. In their work for peace, they have consistently opposed violence of any kind."

But the support that was the most loyal and unequivocal came from St. Gregory the Great parish on West 90th Street in Manhattan.

"Sister Elizabeth has often knelt in prayer with us at Sunday Mass," the parish bulletin declared. "She has defended herself against these charges [of conspiracy to bomb and to kidnap] by pointing to her recent life, which has been dedicated to nonviolence and peace. . . . We cannot believe the charges. . . . To accept them would be to lose faith in those who live as Christians dedicated to the dignity of human life."

The statement was long and beautiful. It could only have been better if it had emanated from Tarrytown.

Manufacturing Guilt

You don't believe that justice officials in the U.S. are capable of their own little conspiracies? Well, catch what one Maryland prosecutor is saying about another.

Richard J. Kinlein, state's attorney for Howard County, affirms that William B. Yates, 2d, state's attorney for Dorchester County, told him (Kinlein) that he (Yates) had "fabricated" an arson charge against H. Rap Brown so the FBI could be called in if Brown should ever flee.

The "phony indictment" was issued back in 1967. Kinlein says he kept quiet until now "because nobody asked me."

William M. Kunstler, Brown's attorney, has maintained almost from the beginning that the charges against Brown were fabrications. Now he unloads. "Rap Brown has been framed," Kunstler told newsmen Jan. 15.

What's going to come of Kinlein's accusation? Very likely nothing. "Based on the information I have there is a mistake somewhere," said Francis Burch, Maryland attorney general. "There has been a misunderstanding by Mr. Kinlein."

Sure.

The Magazine Scene

Magazine advertising revenue for 1970 ended only 4 percent down from its 1969 figures, not too bad a dip considering that the country was in the Nixon Recession.

But some big mags were clobbered badly. *Life* shows an ad loss of $20.7 million from a year ago; *Look*, a $14.5 million loss; and *Newsweek*, *Time* and *U.S. News & World Report*, losses of $3.2 million, $5.1 million and $3.1 million, respectively.

For *Life* and *Look* the losses could be foreboding.

The big gainers were the jocks. *Ski, Skiing, Skin Diver, Sport* and *Sports Car Graphic* hiked their advertising income from 15 to 28 percent. *Hot Rod Magazine* and *Motor Trend* were up. *Golf* leaped 17 percent and *Golf Digest* 22 percent.

Harper's and *Atlantic* took in $3,908,161 between them. *Field & Stream* and *Outdoor Life* garnered more than $7 million *each*.

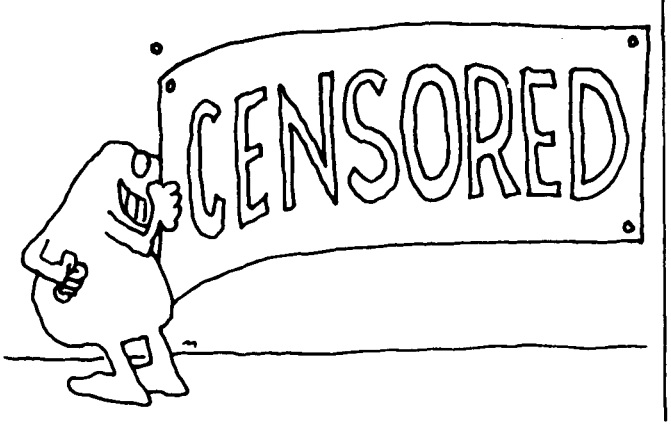
Look for *Commonweal* Sports.

Odds and Ends

—The Archdiocese of Philadelphia has nixed the idea of Saturday night masses. The decision probably has something to do with the Blue Laws.

—*Playboy* magazine is now available in a Braille edition. But just text, not pictures.

JOHN DEEDY



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CORRESPONDENCE

Postscript on Integration

Lafayette, La.

To the Editors: This is a postscript to "Catholic Segregation, It's Almost 1954" [Dec. 25] by Juliet A. Cozzi, R.S.C.J.

The following are some of the facts omitted:

1. The Lafayette Diocesan School Board inaugurated a strict student admissions policy in January, 1970. The Superintendent alone was authorized to make exceptions. None were made. Enrollment in Diocesan schools dropped by 200 for the 1970-71 year.

2. There are 12 dual school situations in the Diocese of Lafayette. The Diocesan Board ordered these to be removed in September, 1971, not 1972. In 11 of these situations, bi-racial school boards have been organized and are operative. They have determined the manner in which their schools will be merged in September, 1971. All of them have constitutions under which they will operate unitary systems.

3. The faculties of AIC and Holy Ghost, Opelousas, were successfully integrated this September, as a step toward total merging in September, 1971, according to plans being drawn up by their bi-racial school board.

(REV.) RICHARD VON PHUL MOUTON, P.H.
Superintendent of Schools
Diocese of Lafayette

Washington, D.C.

REPLY: Monsignor Mouton admitted in testimony that the principal reason for adopting "a strict student admissions policy in January 1970" was the scandal of many white students flocking into the Catholic schools in the Fall of 1969, after the integration order. Monsignor Mouton's plea of June 4, 1969 to the Pastors, School Boards and Principals of the Diocese "to avoid allowing their schools to become in any way the refuge of segregationists" had been ignored. Besides the 22 percent in-

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THE HARRISBURG INDICTMENTS

The shock of the Harrisburg indictments has mercifully abated, but astonishment over the charges lodged by the FBI against members of the Catholic peace community, including Father Philip Berrigan directly and Father Daniel Berrigan indirectly, has diminished not one bit. Conspiracy the law calls the alleged plot to kidnap Henry Kissinger and to blow up the heating system of a number of government buildings. But the whole thing sounds like something out of the imagination of Al Capp, something one would smile away except for the fact that we live at a time when political truth is often stranger than comic-strip fiction. Which is to say that conspiracies of many kinds undoubtedly exist. Ours, however, is such an irrational moment in American history that the conspirators could be agents of the law, just as easily as they could be dissenters from foreign policy. In other words, if it is possible for dissenters to up their stakes, it is no less possible for agents of the law to be about some preemptive justice of their own. The use of *provocateurs* on campus, the revelations of the Spock trial—these stand as cautions that the word of the law is not to be taken at face value, that those whose public trust it is to protect against conspiracy are not above conspiring themselves.

Whether that is the case in the instance of the Harrisburg indictments is impossible to say at this point, though what is indisputable is that emotional and psychological reasons exist in number for the FBI to have acted impulsively and unworthily. *The Washington Post* says that "it is not inappropriate . . . to expect that the government case is more substantial than it now appears." But the reputed chief sources of FBI information—a woman with a nervous breakdown, whose doctor says she is not well enough to testify, and an ex-convict with a history of fraud, impersonation and assault—do not strengthen confidence in either the case or the motives of the government.

On the other hand, almost anything is possible these days, and the FBI just might have a stronger case than we are inclined to credit. For this to be so, however, the FBI is going to have to prove that the Catholic peace movement, at least as personified by Daniel Berrigan, has embarked on a radically new course. There is scant evidence that this has taken place. The message to the Weatherman underground, taped by Dan Berrigan three days before his apprehension last August and just now made public, cer-

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tainly provides none. Prison, admittedly, can be a radicalizing experience, but so also can life in the underground. It is notable that after his months as a hunted fugitive, Dan Berrigan was still preaching nonviolence, and stressing that "no principle is worth the sacrifice of a single human being." This is hardly the staking out of new policy, such as might inspire kidnapping and bombing.

The complication here, of course, is that Dan Berrigan, though he may be the movement's chief ideologue, is not its disciplinarian, and in this as all movements there may be those who would push the implications of logic beyond limits the articulator would himself endorse. If the Catholic peace movement has a built-in weakness, it is precisely here, for the unhappy fact is that the rhetoric of the movement has invariably run ahead of its actual philosophy. The liabilities of this are real and several. An eavesdropper or 'plant,' for instance, could be deluded into mistaking talk for conspiracy; more threatening yet is the possibility that someone, some group, would some day, for whatever reason, close the gap between rhetoric and philosophy, an eventuality which would assuredly have negative consequences for the movement and for the objectives for which the movement has worked so conscientiously. Specifically, an ill-advised action now, when Administration determination seems to be to get combat troops out of Vietnam, could be counterproductive in terms of much that the movement has worked for.

The movement must be credited with the good sense of recognizing this, just as it must be credited with possessing the sensitivity to appreciate that the leap from destruction of draft files to kidnapping and bombing is untenable even under the most sophisticated interpretation of the movement's theories of a nonviolent violence. Property is one thing; kidnapping and bombing are another game entirely, a game which might be attractive to some hot-heads, but which would be unsupportable if elevated to movement strategy.

The strongest reason for believing that it is not strategy is because those indicted, by their professions of innocence, say it isn't. It is a reason not to be minimized when the hallmark of the movement has been an unequivocal admission of one's acts in order to stress the moral imperatives for one's actions. Before this is over there will inevitably be surprises. Stand by.

FIFTEEN YEARS LATER

On January 15 President Anwar el-Sadat of Egypt and President Nicholai V. Podgorny of the Soviet Union joined in dedicating the Aswan High Dam. The Aswan Dam is, of course, the famous billion-dollar project designed to radically improve Egyptian agriculture and vastly expand its available electric power for new industry. Fifteen years ago Secretary of State John Foster Dulles curtly withdrew a U.S. offer to help build the Dam, offending the Egyptians as much by the way the action was taken as by its substance. Great Britain promptly followed his lead. Four days later Nasser made himself the hero of the Arab masses by nationalizing the Suez Canal, and shortly thereafter the USSR stepped into the breach left by the United States and pledged massive aid to Egypt to help with the Dam.

Critics of the U.S. action on the Aswan Dam were not lacking at the time. Said an editorial in this magazine, for instance, in part: "Suddenly to abandon a project of such psychological importance to the resentful Egyptian people, and on grounds that deeply wounded national pride, placed Colonel Nasser in a desperate position. Moreover, the timing could hardly have been worse. It has even been noted in Britain in the past few weeks that the irascible Egyptian leader was becoming more reasonable; now he has been provoked beyond measure. What is substantially more serious is that Mr. Nasser is about to visit Moscow in person and, now that the possibility of British and American assistance is at least temporarily removed, he will have to make whatever aid agreement he can on Moscow's terms. Could there be a surer way of heightening the Kremlin's bargaining power and of handing the USSR a strong foothold in the Middle East?"

Seldom has an editorial rhetorical question been answered so decisively. Over the past decade and a half thousands of Russian technicians and engineers have labored in Egypt, and it was no idle gesture when the Egyptians flew hundreds of Soviet flags all over the Aswan Dam area at its dedication. For the Soviet Union the Aswan Dam intervention provided its first significant step in a decades-old effort to gain a foothold in the Middle East. How far that toehold has now been extended can be answered by the most casual reader of current headlines.

The moral? There are many that could be drawn and not simply in a spirit of "I told you so." One is most obvious: in the light of the Soviet Union's return on its investment, how can anyone call genuine, non-military aid to a foreign nation money down a rat-hole?

Oil Slick On the Potomac

John Bowden Connally, Jr. of Texas to be Secretary of the Treasury. Why?

President Nixon's selection of Connally for this Cabinet position has produced perplexed and contradictory journalistic readings of the tea-leaves and entrails. The known Byzantine nature of Texas politics gives credence to the most far-fetched of notions. Are Richard Nixon and Papa Bear of Johnson City

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(anxious to settle "old scores") conspiring for the destruction of the Democratic party? Is Connally, only nominally a national Democrat, to replace Spiro Agnew on the 1972 Republican presidential ticket? Is the summer White House to be moved to Houston?

It's as if the soothsayers of Rome were prophesying after Caligula appointed his horse as Consul.

Actually, interpretations as to the intended significance of the Connally selection are more manageable than they appear. There are two:

1) Connally is to repair the sputtering national economic machine and restore it to full-throttled health in time for the presidential election next year.

2) Connally was chosen to assure Richard Nixon the 25 electoral votes of Texas.

Before judging the validity of either of these interpretations one thing is certain. The selection bears the typical Nixon brand—blurry and diversionary in that commentators are lured into making main assumptions about what are really secondary aspects of a particular program or policy or, in this case, appointment.

Certainly, the selection of John Connally is patently not one arising from the distressed condition of the economy. A President really doesn't need anyone of stature to sit at the Treasury Department in order to be provided with steady, sagacious advice. The chairmen of the Federal Reserve Board and the Council of Economic Advisers and the Director of the Office of Management and Budget, as well as other quasi-governmental advisers seen on the New York-Washington air shuttle, provide sufficient expertise in economic policies. Moreover, the fiscal 1972 federal budget has been "put to bed" by the Nixon Administration's budget-makers. There's little time for Connally to make medicine—were his appointment an "economic one."

No, there's no special knowledge that a Dr. Fix-it, in the person of Connally, can bring to Treasury. It may be that Connally's push-button charm and his knowledge of the "Indian trails" within the Congress may provide peripheral assistance in order to secure Congressional approval of specific legislative items. But Washington is already awash with charm and the Indian Trails are reasonably discernible to hundreds of specialists already in attendance at the political trading bazaars of the Congress. Moreover, economic conservatives in the Congress have shown themselves so far willing to support Nixon fiscal and monetary policies. As for liberals, Connally will always be an irredeemably glamorized Tory reactionary who runs in the money-making streets of Houston and, in their eyes, covertly helped Nixon while purporting to campaign for Hubert Humphrey in the 1968 presidential campaign. So where are the chips to cash even by a 53-year-old, gifted, politically knowledgeable generalist?

No, the appointment is a political one. It reflects typically the Nixonian trait of thinking in terms of surfaces: "Connally is a right-wing Texas Democrat of some influence. Put Connally in the cabinet and, ergo, I've captured the wealthy right-wing in Texas and thereby the electoral votes next year."

This is schoolboy reasoning—and flawed, at that. Guaranteeing Texas as a Republican prize in 1972 by means of naming Connally as Treasury Secretary is about as secure a risk as a non-aggression pact between Notre Dame and Texas. A major misstep by Nixon in the Middle East or in tax policy could lose Texas even if the Cabinet were peopled by no one but Connallys. John Connally is a Republican asset as a Texas Democrat—in Texas, not in Washington. What is Connally to do next year? Dump his political protégé, Lt. Governor Barnes, a Democrat, when he challenges Republican Senator John Tower for re-election? Or is Connally to support Barnes—and Nixon?

No, the political stew is too gamey. It won't go down.

But there are some other additional comments to be made about the Connally selection, besides the judgment that it is a political one and a treacherously volatile one for President Nixon, at that. Treacherous because of the internecine political warfare in Texas, akin to combat between piranha fish and sharks with bad teeth.

The parameters of the selection are distressing. It places a representative of the last major buccaneering industrial enterprise in America at the center of the decision-making process in the federal government.

It's one thing to have its ambassadors come in the side-doors of the White House and the Congress; it's a distinction with a difference to place the robes of the Executive Office about the shoulders.

After all, Secretary of the Treasury has certain responsibilities bearing on oil. He is a member of the Oil Policy Committee which exercises general policy guidance in respect to import quotas. He sits on the President's Domestic Council and specifically on its subcommittee on national energy. He administers the Internal Revenue Service which is responsible for the collection of income and excise taxes imposed on the oil and gas industry. He helps to manage the debt; he sits on boards setting policy on a wide range of economic activity. He is involved in foreign aid matters at a time when the forms and intents of American foreign assistance may be in a period of mutation. He is involved in national security matters. And then there are environmental matters involving a Secretary of the Treasury. For example, a Treasury Secretary could propose (or not propose) a tax on lead additives in gasoline. Or he could promulgate (or not promulgate) regulations dealing with denying clearance to vessels discharging oil into navigable U.S. waters—if the Coast Guard requests.

A few Senators have scanned these and other powers and responsibilities of a Treasury Secretary and perceive a problem with the Connally selection. An effort is currently underway to gather facts with which to block his

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nomination. Two potentially promising facets of this investigation are obviously (1) the tax status of certain non-profit operations in which Connally has been involved; and (2) the extent of his presumed oil holdings.

The main explorations are to be found within the oil empire of Sid W. Richardson, the late oil billionaire. Oil and politics are totally miscible and Sid Richardson profited by both. He was an early financial supporter of General Eisenhower for President. Connally was Richardson's agent. It represents an oft-repeated Southern saga of nominal Democrats' working covertly for conservative national Republican candidates. Connally was an attorney, as well, for Richardson's vast operations. As elegant, handsome legal range-boss for Richardson's sheikdom, Connally accrued lucrative emoluments that elevated him from a background of rural poverty to visible wealth. Connally was named a trustee of the Richardson Foundation and also administrator of the Richardson estate.

Prior to this rewarding trek into the oil fields in the 1950s, Connally first had established a firm political allegiance to Lyndon Johnson, nearly 10 years his senior. Then, with his wealth accumulating, Connally returned to politics. Johnson was Vice President when Connally was piped aboard as Secretary of the Navy during the Kennedy presidency. But Connally didn't stay much longer than did President Eisenhower's Cabinet Democrat, Martin Durkin of the Plumbers Union, who was named Labor Secretary. The energetic Connally, temperamentally hostile to the "New Frontier," left within one year for Texas and an ensuing three terms as Governor.

Investigating Senators believe such a recitation contains the ingredients of a crushing case of conflict-of-interest: Oilman elevated to position in government which oversees matters financially vital to industry which generated his riches. Their presumption is that Connally has oil and gas holdings. But reporters and senatorial runners have drilled only dry-holes during early explorations. The courthouses of the Sid Richardson "counties" may hold clues. Oil leases must be registered in the counties in which they are located. But there are dozens of "oil counties" among the 254 Texas counties. Connally does draw a salary as Secretary of the Sid Richardson Foundation, but his will is not illuminating in respect to Connally—nor is Connally's entry in the current Who's Who. Perhaps the shades of Sid Richardson himself will have to be consulted for the answers.

The Congressional boiler-plate remedy for a presidential appointee-designate, when conflict-of-interest is apparent, is to have him put his holdings in trusteeship during his tenure of office. But, unlike stock holdings, for example, production and price govern oil prices and these are certainly to be sensitive to the attitude of a Treasury Secretary. Consequently, divestiture is the only solution—if the nomination is to be approved.

But, will the Senate Finance Committee, before which the Connally nomination is to come for approval, act to extract such a commitment from Connally? An inspection of the Committee membership is not encouraging in this respect. The Republican members appear not pre-prepared to pursue this line of action. As for the Democrats, the majority, Russell Long of Louisiana, defender of princely privilege, is chairman. The second-ranking member is Clinton Anderson of New Mexico. It was Anderson in 1959 who persistently attacked the nomination of Lewis Strauss to be President Eisenhower's Secretary of Commerce. He developed a skein of conflicting statements that resulted in the rejection of the Strauss nomination by the full Senate. But the aged Anderson is now ailing markedly. He has announced his retirement and would seem unable to endure the physical ordeal of a lengthy, controversial nomination hearing. Anyway, he skewered Strauss under the umbrella of a sympathetic chairman—a condition that does not pertain in the case of a Finance Committee member who may choose to undertake to fight Connally's nomination. The Committee member who could have—and probably would have—assumed the assignment was the popular Albert Gore of Tennessee. But Gore was defeated last Fall with the help of oil-gas interests for whom Gore made life miserable during his eighteen years in the Senate. The two remaining possibilities are also Democrats, relatively junior members of the Committee—Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut and Fred Harris of Oklahoma. Harris' instincts are good, but he does represent an oil-gas producing state and he will face a stiff fight for re-election in 1972. An aroused Ribicoff could do it—if, for example, he is constantly reminded of a remark made about him at the 1968 convention that is attributed to Mayor Daley and which Connally is said to have applauded.

The prime question to be directed at Connally is: "Do you directly have oil and/or gas holdings—or derive indirect interest from holdings held in other names?"

If so, then Connally should be instructed to sell (divest) them, in the view of some Senators. No trusteeship or similar inadequate device—only sale. This, they say, should be a minimum price for confirmation.

For Richard Nixon, entering the third year of his star-crossed presidency, his selection of Connally may represent superb short-term political choreography. But from the standpoint of the common weal, it is an unfortunate choice. The federal government is sufficiently comatose as a result of steady doses of money-and-politics. This Texas draught is one to send the ailing patient reeling further into the hands of what past giants of the Senate—Borah and LaFollette and Norris—called "the interests."

SAM HOUSTON

(Sam Houston is the pseudonym of a government employee known to the editors who wishes for obvious reasons to remain anonymous.)

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SCRIPT BY FRANZ O'KAFKA

IRELAND'S GREAT KIDNAP PLOT

Now you see it, now you don't. The latest Irish government crisis, with its unsubstantiated rumors of murders and kidnapings, was like a plot written by Gilbert and Sullivan with the assistance of Franz Kafka. Weeks after it all erupted, the Irish people are none the wiser. Nobody has been interned without trial—as the Taoiseach threatened might happen—and no more plots have been uncovered. The only ultimate loser has been Ireland itself: its international standing must have plummeted still further, and its application to join the European Common Market must have been set back by about a year.

It all started on a Friday afternoon when the Taoiseach, Mr. Lynch, assembled political commentators from the newspapers, radio and television, and gave them the text of a short statement in which he said that the government was prepared to introduce internment without trial, if necessary, to avert a plot to kidnap members of the government and carry out armed bank raids to raise funds for illegal organizations. In a clumsy attempt to manage news, which was justly resented by most of the journalists present, he gave an off-the-record briefing, but this added little to the story, which was released virtually instantaneously to an astonished Irish public. A handful of his Cabinet ministers were equally astonished: they had not been told in advance, either.

Under heavy Opposition fire in the Dail, Mr. Lynch defended his decision doggedly, but without giving an iota of additional information. The police were satisfied that this plot existed, he said, and so was he. The Opposition, it subsequently emerged, were not even going to be allowed to debate the subject. This prompted several Labor deputies, among them Conor Cruise O'Brien, deliberately to obstruct Parliament until they were eventually ejected. It was literally the only way of showing their massive resentment at the way in which they had been treated.

Christmas came and went, and there was still no sign of the plot which had prompted the Taoiseach to declare his willingness to suspend one of our most basic democratic rights. Many people now suspect that it never existed, or that wild talk by a lunatic fringe of the I.R.A. panicked a young and inexperienced Minister for Justice into asking the Taoiseach to take this step. One version has it that when the Taoiseach found out how little evidence there actually was to back up the fears of the Minister for Justice, he was extremely annoyed—as well he might be. Another version has it that the whole exercise was simply a clever ploy by the Taoiseach to scare off the wild men in his own party, and to warn them that any deviation from his "peaceful solution" policy towards the North of Ireland would be severely dealt with. Nobody knows what was happening: even truth has become relative.

The most amazing thing of all, of course, is that legislation like this continues to exist in what is supposedly a democratic country, and in what is supposedly a time of peace. The relevant Act, in fact, was passed during World War II, and was destined to help the government control extremist Republicans who took seriously the old dictum that England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity, and who were prepared to do their best to promote a *coup* in the North. It has remained on the books ever since. The last time it was used was during the 1956-62 offensive by the I.R.A. against the North of Ireland, when over 100 men were interned in the Curragh, about twenty miles from the city of Dublin.

To pretend that the situation now is the same as it was then, is ludicrous, and in his heart Mr. Lynch must know this. He must also be hurt by the comparisons which can quite fairly be made between the provisions of this Act and the all too similar provisions of the Northern Ireland Special Powers Act, which also provide for internment without trial. Republicanism is still a powerful vote-catching slogan in the Republic, and if Mr. Lynch were to emulate his Unionist counterparts by interning without trial people of Republican sympathies—however lunatic their expression of this creed—his image would suffer grievously.

The continuing miracle is how he manages to hold onto office at all. In the wake of the recent arms trial (and with worse things to come as the Committee on Public Accounts begins its examination of what happened to the £100,000 voted by the Dail for "Northern Relief") the government's general credibility has sunk to an all-time low. It commands a majority in the Dail thanks to the votes of men who have in some cases made public their lack of confidence in their own leader, and who in other cases have been shown up as perjurers. This is a harsh charge, but it can be made to stick: at the arms trial, there was a direct conflict of evidence between the sacked Finance Minister, Charles Haughey, and the Defense Minister, James Gibbons. The judge said, in words of two syllables, that one of them must have lied to the court. Both voted for Mr. Lynch. It is a sad time for democracy in Ireland.

JOHN HORGAN

(John Horgan, a frequent contributor, is a member of the staff of the Irish Times.*)*

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ACADEMIC FREEDOM, ALIVE AND . . .

PETER STEINFELS

THIS COLUMN seems to have encountered several boobytraps in the past weeks. Hardly had I sent "The Day They Stole the Spiro" to the printer when the Hoover charges which inspired it were transmuted into indictments, and Eric Sevareid employed the same "Ransom of Red Chief" conceit in his TV commentary. Actually I have reason to believe that Severaid kidnapped my column, enclosed in a secret packet of documents, from the printer. The details are being turned over to a grand jury.

I then set to work on some comments to accompany the Education Issue when, that number being tight to bursting with educational goodies, my fellow editors sprung a latch and dropped me right into the middle of this week. What I was thinking about before air so suddenly appeared below my feet was the interesting fact that this January's Education Issue contained three articles and four book reviews on the travail of school *systems*, meaning mostly primary schools, both public and Catholic. Two years ago, in January, 1969, *Commonweal's* Education Issue contained six articles and two reviews on university education and absolutely nothing on early education. Partly, of course, this reflects the planning of the editors; but, alas, our planning is not so thorough that it does not also simply reflect a shift, to put it pompously, in the *zeitgeist*. We are no less filled with hopes and fears; but these days they are not focused so singly on the university campus. The only link between these two Education Issues, Doris Grumbach's reports on the progress of radicalism at the M.L.A., reinforces the point.

I am but sporadically on a university campus these days. My views are thus hand-me-down goods, gathered from friends who teach or study and from the unending river of articles and books. Still, recognizing that the Ivy League will probably be in arms and Berkeley out to sea five minutes after I dispatch this to the printers, I will seize this moment of relative calm for some observations on the hardy topic of Academic Freedom.

The reports of its demise, I would hazard, have been greatly exaggerated. In reading the death notices I have often been struck by how frequently the same few events are mentioned over and over, and how infrequently the great majority of students and faculty are given credit for the good measure of common sense (and normal inertia as well) which I think is theirs. The Carnegie Commission on Higher Education recently released statistics showing overwhelming percentages of faculty and students opposed to disruptions.

The picture is not rosy, however. There is radical pressure on academic freedom, there is conservative pressure, and, what is mentioned less often, there is academic "liberal" pressure on the academic freedom of radicals as well. For example, in my own discipline, history, graduate students observe, with no small amount of cynicism, the number of young, brilliant, very productive, but (alas for them) radical scholars who have been repeatedly denied appointments or tenure. Always for non-political reasons, of course. Not long ago a friend of mine, being interviewed for a post in the *philosophy* department of an important midwestern university, was called aside by a senior professor and grilled on his opinions on the Middle East!

Yet what bothers me most is that so little progress has been made, through all this turmoil, on the underlying question of what academic freedom entails. It seems clear to me that no one, thank God, would be allowed to conduct a seminar at a decent university on whether the Final Solution could be applied with profit to American conditions, nor would anyone be granted facilities to conduct such a research project. But what about a seminar, or research, on the best way to get Southeast Asian peasants to turn their neighbors over to the government police? Or studies on whether atrocities such as Mylai (or bombing civilians) increase or decrease the popularity of one side or the other in Vietnam? What if someone wished to conduct research into the proposition that prominence in organized crime reflected the genetic endowment of American Italians? Or the proposition that differences in intelligence quotients between whites and blacks were genetically based? What about conducting cost-benefit analysis of sterilization programs for the retarded? Or of "euthanasia" programs for everyone over seventy? None of these proposals for study are *a priori* unthinkable today, as was my first example; and some have been undertaken. I do not add the well-known problem of weapons research.

Are there not lines to be drawn, and if so, where? And by whom? The individual university? The academic discipline? The scholarly community as a whole? The local public? The national society? The government?

These are not new questions. They are not answered by vigilanteism, whether of SDS, or anyone else. But neither are they answered by rejecting all such concern as a resurgence of Lysenkoism or of Nazi-like bans on non-Aryan science. I have been reading, with a mixture of admiration and dissent, Nathan Glazer's book condemning student radicalism. His title is *Remembering the Answers*. Which puts me in mind, however, of the great difficulty we have in remembering the questions.

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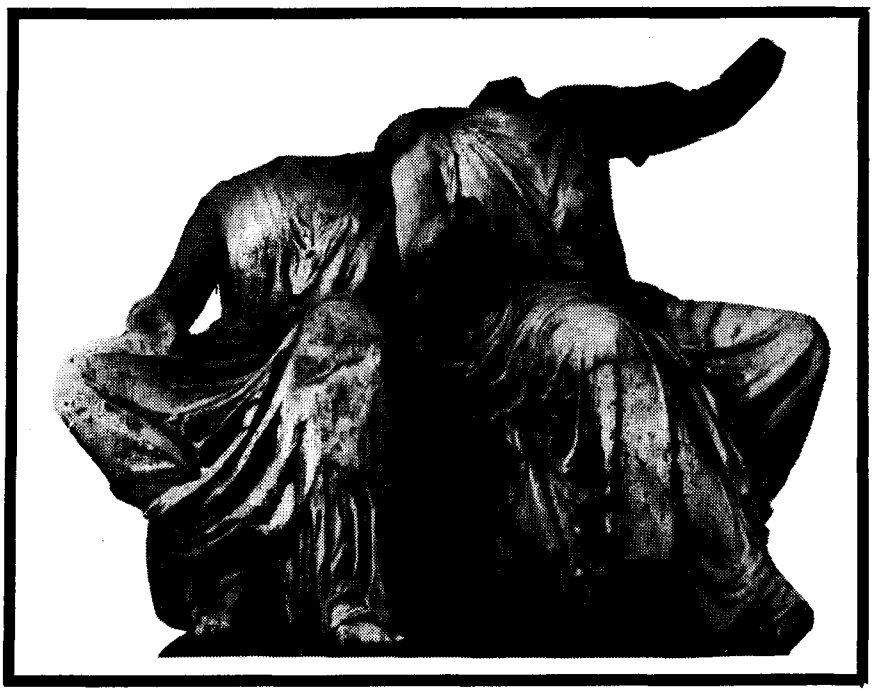

THE TWO GREECES

Beware of Americans bearing gifts

MAURICE GOLDBLOOM

There appear to be two countries, with very little in common, which go by the name of "Greece." The first is the one described by the Pentagon and the State Department in their testimony before Congress and their press releases. The second is the one whose history can be followed in the reports of international organizations, in the daily press of Western Europe and the United States—and even to some extent Greece itself—and in the public statements of the Greek junta's members and spokesmen.

Thus in June, during the debate on the Hartke Amendment to the Military Sales Act, designed to cut off U.S. military aid to Greece, a Defense Department memo introduced by Senator Strom Thurmond asserted: "Most importantly the Greek Government announced that in accordance with a specific timetable, to which it has thus far carefully adhered, the institutional structure of a democracy prerequisite to elections will be in place by the end of this year. This timetable is a public commitment on the part of the Greek Government. It seems to be a reasonable time element, i.e., the end of this year. . . . Some patience and restraint should be exercised by all, as the Greek regime seems to be moving ahead in the direction to establish democratic norms. . . . Greece can be helped by sympathetic understanding rather than by censure."

At the same time as the Pentagon was claiming that the "institutional structure of a democracy" would be in place by the end of the year, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State Rodger Davies was admitting in secret testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee: "It (the constitution) will not be fully implemented until they hold their elections. . . . We have no commitment on date." (Neither the Pentagon memo nor Mr. Davies noted that even *if* the junta put its own 1968 constitution into effect, the result would be an authoritarian state dominated by the armed forces, not a democracy.)

But Mr. Davies cited as proof of "liberalization" the implementation on April 10 of "that part of the Constitution, which requires warrants for arrest, and provides certain safeguards against judicial processes." And in its statement of September 22, accompanying the announcement that full shipments of heavy arms to Greece would be resumed, the State Department again declared that "the trend toward a constitutional order is established.

MAURICE J. GOLDBLOOM *recently returned from a trip to Europe where he conferred with numerous Greek exiles.*

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Major sections of the constitution have been implemented, and a partial restoration of civil rights has been accomplished. The Government of Greece has stated that it intends to establish parliamentary democracy." In the off-the-record briefing which followed, the State Department spokesman appears to have told reporters that there were only five or six hundred political prisoners left in Greece.

Certain Conditions

But "the trend toward a constitutional order" was not noticeable to anyone without the State Department's special spectacles. A few days after the resumption of full American aid, Vice-Premier Stylianos Pattakos reiterated, in an interview with the German weekly *Der Spiegel*, that "certain conditions must be created before we can think of elections." Pattakos refused to specify what they were, but on October 9 the Premier's spokesman and key assistant, the former Communist exile George Georgalas, went on television to tell the Greek people that before they could have elections for Parliament five prerequisites would have to be fulfilled. Greek *per capita* income would have to rise from $800 a year to $1100; the reorganization of the state machinery would have to be completed; there would have to be an increase in social equilibrium, leading to a fairer distribution of wealth; the rehabilitation of Greece's national educational system would have to be completed; and finally, there would have to be a better press, a better informed public, and the Greeks would have to be suffused with a sense of national unity. Economists estimated that the fulfillment of the first condition would take a minimum of seven years, if the present rate of growth in gross national product was maintained. But the impending financial crisis made it very questionable whether that would be possible; the junta had been able to finance economic expansion only by dissipating Greece's foreign currency reserves, now approaching the vanishing point, and by pyramiding short-term debt at high interest rates. These debts were rapidly coming due, and there were no reserves with which to pay them.

This however, was the easiest of the five conditions to meet. For the "reorganization" of the state machinery in any positive sense was impossible for a government which, not incorrectly, regarded almost every literate Greek as its enemy. The numerous decrees issued by the junta which provided tax-exemptions and other special privileges for big business certainly contributed to a redistribution of wealth—but not in the direction of greater fairness. The need of the Greek educational system for rehabilitation had increased substantially under the junta, which had lowered the school-leaving age, reduced the numbers of teachers and schools, created a shortage of textbooks by banning those previously in use, and seriously obstructed learning by making the artificial *Katherevousa* the language of instruction in the elementary grades instead of the *Demotiki* spoken by the children and their parents. (Under the Papandreou government, steps had been taken to make *Demotiki* the language of instruction on the university level, as it already was in lower grades. But perhaps one should not be too critical of the failure of the junta to provide textbooks for large numbers of schools, and for its insistence that instruction be given in a language difficult for the children to understand. For the new textbooks, when they arrive, denounce democracy and glorify the military regime in a way that makes them rather worse than the absence of any books. And the children are certainly better off not understanding the lessons which the junta has ordered that they be taught.)

The better press which the junta sought was hardly one which would be so defined in any democratic country; its nature was indicated by the prison sentences imposed on the editors and publishers of the newspaper *Ethnos* for publishing an appeal by former Minister of Industry John Zigdis for the formation of a government of national unity. (For the crime of making this appeal, Zigdis himself received a 5-year sentence.) Other indications were the prohibitions imposed on the printing of information about such things as mass arrests, the investigation of Stavros Niarchos' role in the death of his wife, and anything which might adversely affect the stability of the currency—in other words, accurate financial news. (There was, however, a possibility that the Greek public was actually becoming better informed than it had previously been; most Greeks were again, as during the Nazi occupation, listening faithfully to the BBC and other foreign radio stations—not including the Voice of America, which too often tempered its winds to the shorn junta.) Only on the last point was real progress being made; the Greek people *were* becoming suffused with a sense of unity—against the junta.

Meanwhile, as a substitute for the absent Parliament, the junta announced the creation of an advisory body, the so-called "mini-parliament," to be appointed by the Prime Minister; ten of its members are named by him at his discretion while the other 46 are chosen by him from 92 victors in an "election" in which the voters were local government officials and officers of professional and other organizations—almost all of whom had themselves been appointed by the junta to replace elected predecessors. The character of the electorate and of the body which may be expected to emerge is suggested by the fact that two of the five victors in the Athens area were the publishers of the monthly *Fourth of August*, named after the date on which the Metaxas dictatorship was established; the pages of this overtly anti-Semitic publication are studded with quotations from Adolf Hitler and similar experts on parliamentary democracy.

Two not necessarily incompatible theories have been

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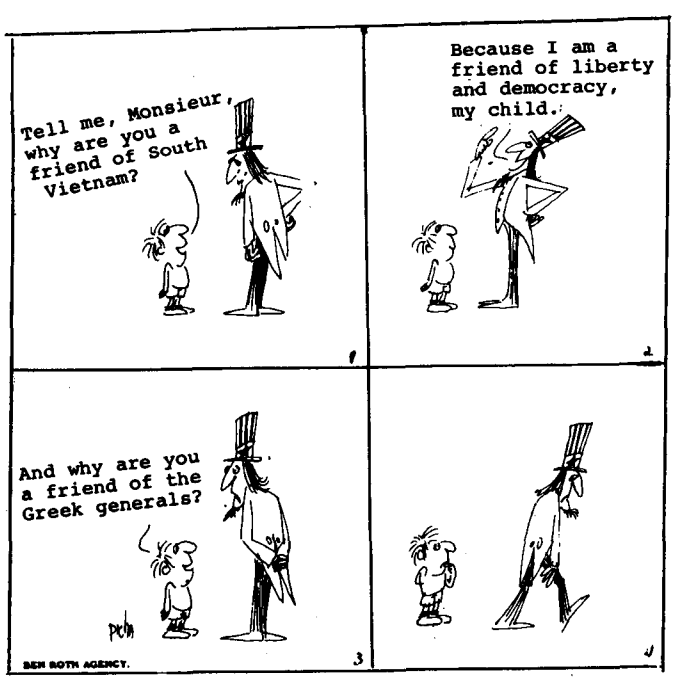
advanced as to the purpose of this body, for which no provision exists even in the junta's own constitution. One is that it is intended as the nucleus of a junta political party, to be formed while all other parties are still banned, which will be in a position to win parliamentary "elections" when and if these are eventually permitted to occur in some denatured form. The other is that Papadopoulos hopes to use this body, with no powers, as an excuse for dissolving the "Revolutionary Council" of the officers who made the Coup, a body whose very real power—based on the fact that its members still are in command of troops—has frequently caused problems for him.

"Safeguards"

So much for "parliamentary democracy." What about the implementation of "that part of the Constitution, which requires warrants for arrest, and provides certain safeguards against arbitrary judicial processes?" One example: in the trial of certain leaders of the pro-Moscow faction of the Greek Communist movement, one of the defense lawyers told the judges of the court-martial —political offenses are still tried by military courts— "It is the fundamental quality of a judge to be independent of the parties to the case and to show himself impartial. It is thus that he can judge in an objective manner. But examine your position, gentlemen. It is certain that you are in the service of the present military government. It is also certain that my clients fight against that government. Under these conditions, you are not independent of the parties to the case." The lawyer, Constantine Kiziridis, went on to urge the judges "to fulfill your duty in all objectivity, in accordance with your oath." For this "outrage to the tribunal" he was immediately sentenced to a year in prison. In protest the other defense lawyers, headed by former Justice Minister and President of Parliament Dimitrios Papaspyrou, walked out of court in agreement with their clients, who declared that they did not want other lawyers to run the risk of being treated as Mr. Kiziridis had been.


Tell me, Monsieur, why are you a friend of South Vietnam?
Because I am a friend of liberty and democracy, my child.
And why are you a friend of the Greek generals?
BEN ROTH AGENCY.

A second example: a few weeks ago a bomb was exploded at the statue of President Truman. A communiqué issued by the "October 20 Movement," a small group on the far left, claimed responsibility for it. In the next few days at least 48 persons were arrested, mostly in pre-dawn raids and without warrants, and held incommunicado. (The actual number is believed to be over a hundred, but many arrests have not been announced.) Almost all of those arrested belonged to the Center. Three were Center Union deputies; the wife of one of them, Talbot Kefalinos, has gone to court to challenge her husband's arrest and continued imprisonment on the ground that they violate the constitutional protections of whose "implementation" the State Department has made much. (Mrs. Kefalinos is acting in a manner which carries risks of its own; the wife of Professor George Mangakis spent a year in prison for charging that her husband had been tortured, as he had been. And one of the others arrested in the same sweep as Kefalinos was Lila Filias, the wife of Athanasios Filias, whose sole offense appears to have consisted in her efforts to find out what was happening to her imprisoned husband. Another of those recently arrested, Mrs. Papamargaris, was also the wife of a prisoner, convicted like Athanasios Filias in the trial of Democratic Defense in April.) Others arrested at the same time included several retired officers with Center Union sympathies, all of whom had previously been imprisoned and then released, and a large number of leading lawyers, some of whom had served as defense counsel for political prisoners. It seems likely that the real purpose of the arrest of lawyers was to make it more difficult for political defendants to obtain counsel in the future. A second purpose may have been to seek information as to how the prisoners have been able to smuggle out political statements and information as to the conditions of their detention.

The fact that the prisoners have been held incommunicado inevitably leads to the suspicion that the junta is using its customary methods of extracting information from its victims. When a bomb was exploded near the building where Defense Secretary Melvin Laird was conferring with Premier Papadopoulos, the man who planted it, a prominent 54-year-old lawyer named Ioannis Koronaios, was seen doing so and immediately arrested. Two other persons were subsequently arrested in connection with the incident, another lawyer named Gregory Kassimatis who was the cousin and namesake of a former minister in center and rightist governments, and an engineer named Andreas Frangias. According to

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Alfred Friendly Jr., writing in the *New York Times*: "The Government has promulgated laws establishing the sanctity of the domicile and requiring that arrests be accompanied by judicial warrants, but security policemen entered the home of Andreas Frangias, an Athens engineer, last week at midnight and took him away. His relatives next saw him under police guard in a neurological hospital here. According to reliable reports, Mr. Frangias suffered head and abdominal injuries during interrogation and is now being fed intravenously. He is said to believe that he signed one or more papers while in detention, and legal experts presume he signed a declaration saying that his arrest had been made according to a warrant that neither his family nor his lawyer had yet seen."

Convalescent Quarters

Koronaios was also hospitalized with serious injuries. Both men had been in good health when arrested. It seems likely, however, that fewer prisoners will be hospitalized after questioning in the future. The junta is reportedly adding convalescent quarters to its interrogation centers, so that prisoners will be shielded from the eyes of outsiders while their wounds are healing.

In 1969, as a part of its unsuccessful effort to convince the Council of Europe that its rule was compatible with European civilization, the junta signed an agreement authorizing the International Red Cross to visit all Greek places of detention. While this agreement was not always fully implemented, and while its value was considerably decreased both by the fact that only the Greek government could authorize publication of Red Cross reports and by the impossibility of frequent visits by the inadequate Red Cross personnel to the numerous places of detention, it nevertheless imposed some restraint on the junta in its use of torture and other forms of mistreatment. At least the Red Cross was able to report to the Greek government cases of prisoners who were dangerously ill and sometimes secure their release. And even occasional visits probably reduced the incidence of torture, although it still remained substantial. Now, however, the junta has refused to renew its agreement with the Red Cross. According to government spokesman George Georgalas, the agreement has served its purpose. And indeed it has; the United States *has* resumed the shipment of heavy weapons.

Only in Washington's eyes is "the trend toward a constitutional order . . . established." But in the eyes of the world—and of the Greek people—what *is* established is the complicity of the United States government in the crimes of the colonels. In the words of the last President of the Greek Parliament, Dimitrios Papaspyrou, speaking before the Political Committee of the NATO Assembly at the invitation of its chairman, Senator Jacob Javits, "The State Department knows all this perfectly well. Hence its assertions about the evolution of the Athens regime toward democracy constitute proof of its complicity in the fraud."

The Greek people have not accepted the colonels, and they will not. No Greek political figure of importance, with the single exception of the late Foreign Minister Panagotis Pipinelis, has consented to cooperate with them. The ordinary people of Greece have found many ways of expressing their opposition to the junta, ranging from the turnout of hundreds of thousands at George Papandreou's funeral to the applause at every showing of the movie *Strawberry Statement* when it depicted students fighting police. (These demonstrations accompanied by shouts of "Down with the military regime!" led the junta to close down the movie after a week!)

If organized resistance has so far been largely limited to relatively small groups, this has at least in part been due to the fact that most Greeks expected the junta to fall in short order under the pressure of international disapproval. Today, because of the open support the junta has received from Washington, this hope has evaporated. There is an increasing realization that the fall of the junta will not be automatic, and may not be swift, despite its incompetence in all fields and its increasingly sharp internal conflicts. One may expect this to be reflected in the establishment of a mass Greek resistance movement prepared to wage a long-time struggle, and to seize whatever opportunities the junta's weaknesses present. Such a resistance movement will take on anti-American character, unless there is a drastic change in American policy. It will have no other choice, for it will face American guns.

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BRIAN SWANN

NAXOS

A couple of cherrytrees where the citadel
mounted on a maze throws its shadow half
over. Two crows to the right, and left, two gulls.

Here, on a piece of Atlantis, a day from Thera
and Crete, sun bleaches a new sailcloth,
and mill arms are bare as umbrella ribs.

I can accept a handful of sprats
from a meagre nighthaul, allow my
donkey-man to walk while I ride.

Rocks on the ocean side lodge tarballs:
on the hill behind the town goats hobble
among hooves and legs strewn from the shambles.

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KUNG ON INFALLIBILITY

WHAT EMERGES FROM KÜNG'S EXAMINATION IS THE LACK OF ANY SERIOUS EXEGETICAL, HISTORICAL OR THEOLOGICAL GROUNDS FOR THE DOCTRINE OF FIRST VATICAN

CHARLES DAVIS

The starting-point of Hans Küng's recent book on infallibility[1] is the encyclical *Humanae Vitae* on birth control, a document he takes as a blatant instance of error on the part of the papal teaching authority. What led Pope Paul into such an egregious blunder? Not, thinks Küng, any decisive moral objection on the Pope's part to contraception, but a consideration that was not taken seriously enough nor effectively answered by the majority group of the advisory commission: namely, the supposed infallibility of the ordinary and universal teaching of the church.

Artificial birth control had been constantly and universally condemned by the teaching authority of the church, and this decision has been insisted upon as of grave obligation with respect to eternal salvation. For that reason the teaching against contraception clearly fulfilled all the criteria laid down in the standard authors for an infallible exercise of the ordinary and universal *magisterium*. Nor could this conclusion be evaded, as the minority group of the commission—rightly according to Küng—saw, by an appeal to doctrinal development or to a changing historical situation. To grant the lawfulness of contraception was necessarily to admit that a point once taught universally and in a binding fashion by the ordinary *magisterium* must now be rejected and reversed as erroneous.

Anyone, then, who regards the papal decision on birth control as a deplorable error has to face and cannot dodge the question of infallibility.

From this starting-point Hans Küng moves to a consideration of the Second Vatican Council. This Council was led to give prominence to the infallibility of the universal episcopate in its general effort to offset papal absolutism with collegiality. Actually its attempt to counterbalance papal authority did not succeed. It finished, inconsistently with its general spirit, argues Küng, by repeating the teaching on papal primacy and infallibility in an unmodified form. This leaves the Pope free to act and decide simply as he personally thinks fit without there being any juridical check upon his personal authority—an absolutism not essentially nor effectively limited by urging that the Pope has an obligation in conscience to consult the church. Even an absolute monarch is prepared to admit obligations upon his conscience. But the Pope alone, like the most absolute monarchs, personally decides the extent of his obligation to consult and how far he should be guided by the findings of any consultation.

Furthermore, the Second Vatican Council not merely failed to curb papal absolutism with an effective collegiality, but also simply took over all the assumptions and statements of the First Vatican Council concerning the infallibility of an ecclesiastical *magisterium,* neither offering new grounds for the doctrine nor opening the way for a radical reconsideration of the whole concept. Küng, therefore, sees no alternative for the theologian in this matter but to go back and tackle the question of the First Vatican Council with its general understanding of infallibility and its definition of papal infallibility. Even after Vatican II the problem raised by its teaching still remains an operative factor and cannot be evaded.

What emerges from Küng's examination is the lack of any serious exegetical, historical, or theological grounds for the doctrine of First Vatican. All the arguments put forward fall far short of establishing the precise teaching requiring proof. Even the understanding of apostolic succession it presupposes is no longer tenable. More than that, the general historical circumstances, let alone such special factors as the character of Pius IX, were most unfavorable to a balanced treatment of the issues. The context of the Council was the social and political restoration after the French Revolution and the Romantic reaction against rationalism. Hence the stress on authority and tradition. Again, despite its anti-rationalistic defense of the place of faith and authority, the Council remained strongly marked by rationalism both in its concept of faith as assent to doctrinal propositions and its conviction of the possibility and necessity of inherent propositions. Further, because of historical circumstances, neither the majority nor the minority raised the questions about infallibility now considered the essential ones by theologians. The majority regarded papal infallibility as simply evident even before the

1. Unfehlbar? Effin Anfrage *(Zurich-Eisiendeln-Koln: Benziger Verlag, 1970). An English translation will be published by Doubleday in April.*

CHARLES DAVIS, *who served as a peritus during the Second Vatican Council, teaches religion at Sir George Williams University in Montreal.*

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Change & the University

THE "CREDENTIAL SOCIETY" sharply curtails possibilities of real achievement without a college degree. There is a real concerted effort—if one can say anyone acts in concert—among families, friends and draft boards to insure male university attendance. For the families of girls, nearly the same amount of pressure is applied in order to insure a proper locale for meeting the prospective "right" husband. The weight of middle-class familial expectations looms far larger as a factor in student rebellion than it could when going to college itself represented a rebellion against lower-class family wishes.

In this respect, the acute ambivalence of many Negro students becomes clearer. Although they clearly share with the professoriate an appreciation of upward mobility and increasing life chances, they also share with the student radicals a genuine concern for the bureaucratic anti-democratic spirit of university hierarchies. . . .

The older professorial educationalists invariably attack the new student left for being oblivious to the nature of the university! But the student radical response is that the classic system of higher learning in America is often more mythic than real. The role of military contract work, the place of large-scale business enterprise in defining curriculum, and the role of government *per se* in determining the upper limits of university experimentation, have finally made obsolete certain inherited standards of academic freedom. The struggle of student rebels has thus shifted from one of academic freedom to one of organizational control. This in itself should be a sobering indication that we have reached a new stage in the maturation of higher education in American life. . . .

—Irving Louis Horowitz
COMMONWEAL, Jan. 31, 1969

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definition, as did general opinion in the church at that time. The minority itself for the most part remained stuck in past problems and controversies and in any case shifted the center of debate from infallibility itself to the question of the opportuneness of a definition. In brief, the question of infallibility as it at present arises has never been seriously confronted by the church and for that reason remains still to be investigated. The traditional teaching as found in textbook theology and in First and Second Vatican is by no means sure and unassailable.

For Hans Küng the central problem in this matter is the linking of the infallibility of the church to infallible propositions. While he accepts the fact that the faith of the church is to some extent dependent upon formulation in propositions, he finds difficulty in any claim to unchangeable and absolutely inerrant propositions. Here his treatment will seem elementary to those familiar with modern discussions of religious language. At any rate, he reaches the conclusion that the kernel of truth in the doctrine of infallibility is the indefectibility or permanence of the church in the truth despite the occurrence of errors. In other words, there is no guarantee against particular errors, but these will not overwhelm or destroy the church's enduring witness to the truth. The Spirit of Christ remains always with the church to lead her again and again from error into truth.

With a view to Eastern Orthodox and Protestant convictions, the same principle replacing inerrant propositions with a more general idea of indefectibility or permanence in truth, is applied to General Councils and to the Scriptures. He concludes by questioning the very notion of a *magisterium*, understood as implying an exclusive distinction between a teaching church and a learning church. For him the notion is a modern one, introduced in connection with the discussions on infallibility at the time of First Vatican. There are no grounds for identifying teachers and rulers within the church.

The reinterpretation of infallibility proposed by Hans Küng is not as new as his book might lead one to suppose. Since he makes passing reference to my book, *A Question of Conscience*, simply apropos of the major matter of papal honesty over the birth-control issue, I feel entitled to point out that the same recasting of infallibility was suggested there. (See the section on "The Development of the Papacy.") I have briefly alluded to the same view in my recent book, *Christ and the World Religions*. (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1970, p. 123.)

But I myself made no claim to originality. As far as I can remember, my own thinking was led in that direction by the writings of the Anglican, E. L. Mascall, though I cannot at present identify passages of which I retain a vague memory. And I should suppose that Mascall himself is the heir of other Anglican writers.

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There is no doubt that from one point of view Hans Küng's book is important. This would seem to be the first time a theologian of note has, while remaining within the Roman church, openly rejected the doctrine of papal infallibility in the sense in which it was defined. (I am leaving out of account the book by Bishop Simons, *Infallibility and the Evidence* [Templegate, 1968.] because, if it boldly rejected infallibility, its fundamental approach to Scripture prevented one from taking it seriously as a piece of theology.) Theologians will not be able to ignore Hans Küng. His views, therefore, will demand discussion by other ecclesiologists. The infallibilist position is so weak in the light of modern scholarship, both historical and theological, that once openly discussed it will have serious difficulty in maintaining itself theologically, and mere appeal to authority is proving increasingly ineffectual. This book may, then, mark the opening of a new phase in the history of the papacy.

On the other hand, from a detached intellectual point of view the book is much less important. It is more an action in ecclesiastical politics than a contribution to theology. The summary of the state of the question of infallibility is competent, but, though I myself agree with the line chosen, I must allow that it is a slanted and not indisputable summary. From a scholarly standpoint a more impartial weighing of the pros and cons would be in order. I have already indicated that the treatment of the language of faith is philosophically weak. Moreover, a religious problem arises over infallibility, which is not touched. Religiously what has been primary for Catholics, I should maintain, is not the doctrine of papal infallibility but the papacy as a religious symbol. The doctrine is derivative from the symbolic force the papacy acquired in the structure of the Catholic religion. This in no way denies the political factors in the development of papal power. But it does mean that the papacy gained an important place as a religious symbol for Catholics. If this symbol is now losing its force, as is indeed the case, what, if anything, is now replacing it symbolically? From the point of view of religious typology, what is now happening to the Roman Catholic religion? To discuss infallibility simply as a doctrine is to miss the main issue. The framework of Hans Küng's book is too narrowly theological and ecclesiastical to include the problem raised by the collapse in a major religion of an important visible symbol of authority and certainty in religious faith.

All the same, I do not want to criticize the book for not being another kind of book than it is. It is the first salvo in what may prove to be a momentous battle. The student of religion, however, will require another kind of book to tell him why the battle has to be fought, what is at stake and which are the strengths and weaknesses of both sides.

SIX EASY PIECES

THE SCREEN

For many years now the movie studios have rushed to release a flock of films in December. This practice may have started when the income tax department had a special tax for unshown pictures on studio shelves. In any case, the studios seemed to like the idea, and whether or not the tax law is still in effect, they wear out the critics with previews of movies that will come out before the year's end. The December past was no exception. So here is a roundup of short reviews of December films, some of which deserve more attention and some of which you are warned to skip.

The best of the lot is *Little Big Man,* a fine piece of Americana directed by Arthur Penn. In the title role, Dustin Hoffman gives another of his superb performances. We see him first, smothered in make-up, as an old man of 121 years. As this Jack Crabb goes through his remembrance-of-things-past bit, Hoffman takes on the role after two young fellows play the boy and adolescent Jack. And what a life Jack had. Captured as a boy by the Cheyennes and raised by them, Jack returns to the whites, drifts through a series of jobs and two marriages, becomes a bum and later an Indian Scout in time to be the lone survivor of Custer's last stand at the Little Big Horn. My only row with *Little Big Man* is that its 2½ hour running-time is far too long for the story it is telling, but for local color and authenticity (with imagination) the Stuart Millar-Arthur Penn production is great. You too may get restless from time to time, but for a feeling of actually living in a period of American history, *Little Big Man* is first-rate.

Not having read Erich Segal's novel, *Love Story,* I came on the movie cold. In spite of the tears one is supposed to shed at this contrived film, I left it—still cold. Since the picture opens with the girl's funeral and then consists of a long flashback showing the boy and girl meeting, dating, falling in love, sleeping together, getting married (in a sort of do-it-yourself ceremony), enjoying life in an elegant New York apartment, it comes as no surprise that the girl dies. What did surprise me, however, is the girl's continued use of foul language, particularly the popular four-letter word for ordure. It seems to me that if scriptwriter Segal wanted to indicate how mod this girl is, he could have let her use the word once or twice. But Ali MacGraw uses it again and again—even in the classroom where she is teaching youngsters. So, long before this Jenny dies, I was tired of her aggressive modishness. As the young man from the very wealthy Boston family, Ryan O'Neal is fine. So are the music and good photography.

It could be that I'm just not with these so-called

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"mod" movies. *Brewster McCloud* is so far-out "mod" that I never caught up with it. The picture has a good idea about a young fellow who's determined to fly. More power to him—but I wish he and the film would have flown away at the end of the first reel.

On the stage some five years ago ago, *There's a Girl in My Soup* was a slightly off-color, very funny comedy. In the movie now, with Goldie Hawn and Peter Sellers in the lead roles, it is farther off-color and not very funny. No doubt it was a mistake to build up Terence Frisby's slight little play into a big expensive picture with the handsome production M. J. Frankovich and John Boulting have given it. The thinness of the material shows and the good cast (especially Tony Britton as Peter's wisecracking friend) can't do much with this drivel. Britton's dry humor shines even through the dross however.

Although Elliott Gould has proven himself a good actor, it is possible that we are seeing too much of him; and in *I Love My Wife* I found myself tiring of him and the film long before the finale. In this story of the break-up of a marriage, the viewer tries to be fair and not take sides. The wife, expertly played by Brenda Vaccaro, has let herself grow sloppy and fat. As the philandering husband, Gould, a doctor, finds various nurses more attractive and available. And this is the beginning of the end. In a way, *I Love My Wife* is a sad film. But for the viewer to become involved, he has to care one way or the other for the husband and wife. And since he can't particularly, the whole thing is a waste of time.

Fans of Elvis Presley won't consider *That's the Way It Is* a waste of time. This documentary, directed by Denis Sanders, shows the popular singer at his best: off-stage, on-stage, at rehearsals and during one very long performance in Las Vegas. Non-fans might have looked for a little more depth in a film of this kind, but even they may warm up to Presley as a person and a performer. And that's the way it is.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

ARE CHILDREN POETS?

Wishes, spells and learning

BARRY WALLENSTEIN

". . . and poetry are teaching machines." M. MCLUHAN

For the past several months I have participated in a program, the Triple T (Training Trainers of Teachers), designed to animate educational potentialities at the Harriet Tubman School (P.S. 154) located in Central Harlem. Triplet has 43 projects around the country. These projects are to a large degree autonomous, emphasizing many different focuses. At P.S. 154 there are 16 classes involved in this informal, open class system, and the college up the hill, C.C.N.Y., serves as supplier of professionals in the various educational disciplines. The idea is that our personal commitment to our own disciplines will enliven the classroom and open it up to possibilities having to do not only with teaching methods, but with the children's basic relationship to the specific subjects at hand.

My own field is contemporary British and American literature, my preoccupation is poetry. Once or twice a week I leave the heights of C.C.N.Y. to meet with Miss Nelson's fourth grade class in an attempt to learn about children's poetry by acting hopefully as a catalyst to their own natural abilities and inclinations with words. Though this activity never involves more than three or four hours a week, normally a week characterized by activities quite foreign to the teaching of youngsters, somehow the children's creativity and a scrutiny of other opinions on this subject of teaching children to write poetry, has raised a series of complex and, I believe, important questions.

My first experience with children's poetry came from the book *Miracles*, edited by Richard Lewis (Simon and Schuster, New York, 1966). Lewis' brief foreword makes large claims for the poetry: "It is a book intended to be read as poetry, not as a sampling of precociousness." And, ". . . surely children in many parts of the world were writing poems of the same extraordinary quality." What does "quality" mean here, quality for poetry by youngsters, or quality to be measured against traditional touchstones? Another sentence seems to indicate the latter, ". . . children could and did write poems that invited serious attention *as poetry*." (his italics)

Miracles seems to suggest that we read it as if it were simply a good collection of poetry, but on the other hand makes clear that the miraculous revelations have especially to do with the character of childhood: ". . . it will serve as a testament to the power and value of the poetic vision that is an integral part of childhood . . ." I was, and am, convinced that children do arrange words and phrases which are as capable of creating an effect as do adults, but these poems, when read many at a time, seemed somehow

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uniform. The range of imagination was striking, but the blows had a common quality about them. It occurred to me that the children were programmed, no matter how far apart they lived, no matter how varied their experience, if only by their own extreme suggestibility and receptivity to adult expectations.

At about the same time *Miracles* appeared the Academy of American Poets, along with the Board of Education and other interested agencies, started sending nationally known poets into the classes of elementary schools. The poet would read his own work, as well as other poetry, to the children and then write reports on the student and teacher reaction. *The Urban Review* has printed a number of these reports which all, more or less, confirm that 1) young students enjoy listening to poetry and 2) many teachers in elementary schools have resisted poetry, thus preventing their students from seeing poetry as a live and exciting process the way they do see painting and drawing.

A more dramatic experiment has been the work of Kenneth Koch, Ron Padgett and other less well known poets who went into the classrooms to inspire children to write poetry. Koch's observations are revealed in the form of articles, e.g. *New York Review of Books,* April 9, 1970, *New York Times,* December 20, 1970; the book, *Wishes, Lies and Dreams* (Chelsea House, New York, 1970); a movie and a television special.

My exposure to Koch's work, coincidental with my own entry into a similar endeavor, led me to a reevaluation of the subject of children's poetry. My doubts that had existed about the possibility of teaching the writing of poetry, to children or adults, have changed to questions involving natural talent and education, aesthetics and the implications of adult evaluation of such special material, the children's poetry.

What's most remarkable about working with young children writing poetry is not that they do it so well (the Miracle idea) but that these acts are relatively easy for them, and are accomplished in the spirit of other actions such as playing, fighting or dancing. Older poets lean to Thomas' view that poetry is a "craft or sullen art." Yet we are reminded by these children that poetry is also a most natural and possibly the easiest way to speak—when the opportunity for such speech is afforded. The instructor's position in the room can help the student get started. He needs to excite the student about a particular theme without inhibiting the expression of it. This is not to say all formal restrictions are bad. The imagination is pliable enough to act naturally within most reasonable boundaries. The obvious danger here is that the restrictions might be suggesting a certain kind of poetry, or a certain direction to the imagination.

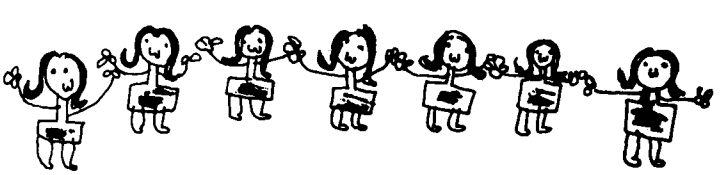
'Abra Cadabra'

My first experiment with the fourth grade class was in oral poetry. I had been told that many of these children could read or write very little so I was hesitant to begin with the printed page. I reminded these children, for after all they already knew the truth of this, that poetry was an ancient and primitive form of speech inextricably bound up with magic, prayer and wishes. They recognized the word "abra cadabra" as a poetic word and grew excited at the prospect of casting spells through a fancy use of words. Each child participated, and before long there was a competition to outdo the other's spells by elaborating its words and images or making the effect of the spell more shocking and powerful. I should not have been surprised at the content of the spells, that is, force and violence. It is in the very nature of spells to do harm or gain power over your subject. Form follows function—and the fourth grade expressed this.

I might note here, though I will come back to this, that these children naturally rhymed their lines. When they didn't they substituted alliteration instead. As their instructor, I made no comment on this.

Some while after this experiment I learned that Kenneth Koch began with wish poems. He had the student use "I wish . . ." in repetition, and noted that "It encouraged them to be imaginative and free," laudable and necessary values in poetry. However, he did not explicitly state that wishes, especially when uttered formally, have strong elements of belief about them. They are not unlike prayers, incantations and spells. The more elaborate or powerful the language, the more likely the wish will come true. The appeal is to the child's ultimate helplessness in a large and often frightening world. When we speak of poetry as being natural we may be suggesting a fundamental connection between man's finiteness and the word's infinite power. Children, who feel this finiteness most intensely, naturally trust the word because it has been their first really effective way of exercising any power. They hope or wish words can save them.

The question arises of what literacy has to do with the natural abilities or tendencies of children to write creatively. Koch writes that a "degree of literacy certainly makes a difference in a child's ability to write easily and confidently, but it does not form his imagination. The power to see the world in a strong, fresh and beautiful way is a possession of all children." I am not convinced that imagination is unaffected by degrees of literacy. I have noticed that the less literate members of the class participate with less creative energy than those who can read and write. I am now speaking of oral composition as well as written. Of course, those who read and write better may have more confidence and



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JANICE

I WISH

I wish my heart were big
or little

I wish my heart were big and aloud.

I wish my ear was in my heart.

I wish my heart was like
a rock or like a shark

I wish that the sun
was in my heart.

CLARRISSA

I SWING

I swing the spirit like a child
I would like a day that's mild
So I can swing all the while.

I swing the spirit like a child
I would like a day tha's o so mild
So I can swing all the while
Because I am a child I swing
the spirit so very wild
Because I am a child I swing
the spirit so very wild.

better "motivation" for success, but there is a recognized connection between the ability to conceptualize and verbal strength. In my experience I observed a definite connection between poetic enthusiasm and the desire to read words and write them down.

Naturalness is a particular virtue of children. The pretensions of a child are for some reason more disturbing than those of an adult. But in itself, and especially in terms of the finest poetry, naturalness can not be a value. While few would agree with Oscar Wilde that nature copies art, no one could suggest that they are one and the same. A child creates wonderful patterns with language naturally and then he stops. But he may still go on to write poetry.

One of the poets who read to school children reported in *The Urban Review* (June 1967), "My main concern was to make them understand that poets were human beings who felt many things in common with these very [children] . . . that poets simply tried to put these *deep* feelings into words. It was their way of expressing themselves." In the same spirit, it seems to me, Kenneth Koch dedicates his book to his high school teacher who encouraged him ". . . to be free and *deep* and introvert in what I wrote, so that I could find what was hidden in me that I had to say." For a long time, I have wondered about what deepness had to do with poetry. The poet and the teacher of poetry are more interested in the shallows, where the poem lies on the page, its aesthetic reality, than the deeps, the powerful psychological sources of poetic inspiration. However valuable free and self expression is to children it is not poetry nor has it as much to do with poetry as the popular mind believes. Nor is self-revelation poetry, though the awareness of self is important and probably necessary to the artist. Rather, poetry is the most highly structured, artificial, and, in a sense, deceptive mode of verbal expression known to man. The best poets hardly express themselves as individual personalities at all. The poem clearly, when it is good, expresses itself. The poem is a world of expression, not ever alien to the poet, but hardly to be confused with the poet's self's expression or his digging into himself. If the self peers out, it is because of the poem's structure, as tensions are created from the drama of the self donning a mask that is the creation. The difference between a fourth grader's speech and poetics shows how automatically he begins to develop artificial structures.

We have discovered that poetry is one good way to get closer to children. We have also learned that children are animated by doing poetry. Kenneth Koch records how "they were talking, waving, blushing, laughing, and bouncing up and down." Such animation clearly leads not only to physical pleasure but to the very center of an educational process. Any evaluation of children's poetry must attach itself to questions of learning in conjunction with creativity. When the evaluation becomes confused with mature standards of artistic taste, criticism suffers. It is necessary to maintain a critical attitude that appreciates mature poetry and its implications, and not accept a single standard of evaluation. The virtues of a viable pedagogical strategy are undermined if we only look at Koch's statement, "most important, I believe, is taking children seriously as poets." We should take seriously, rather, their enthusiasm and the eagerness of their imagination.

Koch asked his students not to rhyme in their poetry. "Rhyme is wonderful, but children generally aren't able to use it skillfully enough to make good poetry. It gets in their way. The effort of finding rhymes stops the free flow of their feelings (sic) and associations, and poetry gives way to singsong." Surely he is looking for good poetry—he is happy when he gets a "unified poem," one that "makes sense" to an adult mind.

I cannot understand the value of searching for a "good" or better poem by a child—unless I were preparing an anthology. Do we know that a so-called good poem is more valuable as a learning experience to the child who wrote it than one the adult would consider less than good? Might there not be an equal benefit from the botched poem or boring poem? Finally the questions formed in one direction. Where are we to direct our attention in the study of children's poetry? Amid his statements of belief concerning the excellences of children's poetry, Koch more insightfully remarks, "of all the advantages, the main one is how writing poetry makes children feel: creative; original; responsive, yet in command." This is safe and valuable pedagogical theory, yet the teacher of painting could claim the same value for her art. We are still left with a most complex question—What is it about poetry, as a separate and very special art, that generates such response, response that can grow as extravagant as to confuse the creative process with art's fruition?

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BOOKS

In defense of an urban anarchism

The Uses of Disorder: Personal Identity and City Life

RICHARD SENNETT

Knopf, $5.95

DOUGLASS McFERRAN

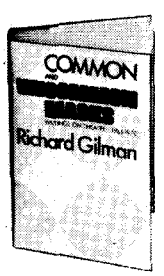
Conventional urban planning has come on hard times among intellectuals. A theologically minded sociologist such as Jacques Ellul can, in his recent *The Meaning of the City*, attack the optimism of urbanologists with his credo that there is an inherent diabolism in the very concept of the city (a contemporary replay of Augustine's theme of the City of Man). Jane Jacobs, in *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, provided ammunition for the resistance to urban renewal by a simple insistence on the value of neighborhoods. And this even without Richard Nixon and the conservative premise that the human spirit is somehow corroded by governmental intervention in the anarchy of poverty. *The Uses of Disorder* is still another assault on the experts.

Richard Sennett sets himself a difficult task. He advocates an urban anarchism against the idealistic young who share Ellul's feeling of bad vibrations from the city as well as against both the Moynihan types who would up the nuclear family and their antagonists who would up nuclear neighborhoods. At a time when "community" has become a catchword (with "identity" and "stability" to follow?), he dares to damn the tribalists, the family men, and many of the advocates of community control as equally victims of a search for a nonexistent purity. In his own words, "In between aimless wandering of communal life and the authoritarian direction of the community stands a middle way, which is not a compromise between the two extremes, but an entirely new approach."

Sennett does not in fact oppose either the idea of community or the concept of urban planning. His point is somewhat more subtle and relies on the acceptance of two assumptions: first, that Erik Erikson's discussion of the transition from adolescence to adulthood is a valid psychological model; second, that a psychological model of any kind can be utilized as an adequate explanation of social facts. Granted that it is possible to speak of the crisis of identity of the adolescent, and granted that most modern responses to city life can be attributed to a collective prolongation of adolescence, there is some sense to the idea of a deliberately uncontrolled urban environment that creates its own bonds of community.

The basic research underlying this fairly short essay is to be found in another 1970 book of Sennett's, *Families Against the City: Middle-Class Homes of Industrial Chicago* (Harvard U. Press). What intrigued Sennett in his research was the manner in which affluent suburban families promoted a myth of solidarity—a view that in the past the family was more stable than at present, and that the only way to recapture this stability was to encourage a cultural homogeneity (or community solidarity) through a greater control of the potentially disruptive influences of urbanization. Sennett's own argument, which contradicts that of Jane Jacobs, is that the old days were not any better at all but a new affluence has encouraged the modern family to romanticize an environment without a conflict. The result has been a reduction of the "contact points" of a teeming city with a

Stanley Kauffmann reviews Richard Gilman:



"Richard Gilman's criticism shines with theatrical insight, intellectual resource, and moral fervor. What illumination he gives us, what pleasure. It's a damned small compliment to say that he is one of the best theater critics in American history because there have been so few good ones, but Gilman is far up in that lonely front rank."

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consequent failure to reach an ethical adulthood.

This idea of ethical adulthood, a combination of Erikson's psychology and Max Weber's "ethic of responsibility," is contrasted with the supposedly "purified identity" sought by Calvinist and Marxist alike. "The myth of community solidarity," Sennett writes, "is a purification ritual." The reality is that not only is human conflict inevitable but it is also more healthy than its opposite. The adult is not the individual who has overcome ambiguity but the one who has learned to accept it.

The urban anarchism which Sennett calls for presumes sufficient affluence so that the "survival community" does not have to resort to violence in the allocation of resources. His assumption is that with this condition all centralized control (beyond minimal considerations of efficiency, as in the case of fire protection) and all policing can be withdrawn to allow the residents of a community to fight among themselves, Synanon-style. Forced to survive together, the diverse elements will forge new bonds based on the mutual respect that comes from face-to-face encounters.

The weaknesses in Sennett's argument are in his assumptions. Despite the advances of social psychology, there still appears to be a certain discontinuity between individual behavior and the behavior of men in groups. The dialectical relationships involved in a collective consciousness deserve some deeper consideration as phenomena than Sennett himself provides. He assumes, for instance, that individuals brought into face-to-face contact will behave simply as individuals rather than representatives of a group. In a Synanon setting this may be so, but, unless there are other social mechanisms operant, it may be more than just a "gamble with social life" to turn previously antagonistic groups loose on each other. Granted a parallel between adolescent responses in individuals and the "adolescent" responses of groups, is it necessarily the case that situations promoting adulthood in individuals will similarly promote "adulthood" in groups?

But, on the supposition that Sennett can escape the standard charge of "psychologism," does he present a psychological model that is relevant for the data that he wishes to consider? Here too there are problems. The basic thesis of *The Uses of Disorder* was suggested by the myth of family solidarity. For Sennett this myth is an indicator of adolescence since adulthood can accept a world of diversity and conflict, presumably a world without myth. Yet, as writers such as Abraham Maslow and Peter Berger have suggested, the need to impose a framework of meaning upon an ambiguous universe can represent the highest in human potential as well as a compulsive neurosis. Acceptance of disorder can be adult behavior, but the search for order—even the collective search that is the basis for a sense of group identity—can also be adult behavior. Myth and reality are perhaps not as neatly opposed as Sennett suggests.

Do these criticisms, if they are valid, rule out the urban anarchism that Sennett proposes? No, but they do suggest that much of what Sennett has written needs to be set within a more positive vision. *The Uses of Disorder* in effect says, provide funds, call off the police, turn off the bureaucracies, and watch as authentic communities emerge from the continuous encounter session of a relatively affluent urban environment. A more comprehensive approach might demand, above all, collective efforts to develop ethnic identities that do not rely on the exploitation of one group by another, even for psychic satisfaction. The need is not to live without myth altogether but to redefine the myths. A more comprehensive approach also requires a redefinition of the political order, not towards Sennett's cultural *laissez-faire*, but towards a greater control over those institutional factors (exploitation, discrimination, pollution) that presently compromise individual fulfillment. Man may well need government after all, not so much to police individuals as to police institutions.

Anarchism, no matter how much it is qualified, is not a popular concept in the United States, principally because the violence-oriented American myth has equated disorder with inevitable destruction. His challenge to this facile equation is still the beauty of Sennett's book, even if it is a beauty somewhat flawed by an idealization of disorder as questionable as the Hobbesian approach it opposes.

"IN 1971 *the South Sandwich Islands, Heligoland, St. Pierre and Miquelon, Gibraltar, Antarctica and the Eddystone Light will be admitted to the United Nations, which will then sink into the East River leaving only an oil slick. U Thant will open a small, nonaligned restaurant and blame his subsequent bankruptcy on the two superpowers, Horn and Hardart.*"

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Messengers from the Dead: Literature of the Holocaust

IRVING HALPERIN

Westminster, $5

JACK RIEMER

Why did they write in the midst of the Holocaust? And why do we still come back and read their works now 25 years after it happened?

They wrote for many reasons: that the world might know what happened, that they should not die the double death of being forgotten, that men might learn a lesson in how dreadful human depravity can be, and that men might learn a lesson in how noble and fierce spiritual resistance can be—for all these reasons and others they wrote in the very midst of the inferno. Novels, diaries, chronicles, poems, letters, parables,—every form of writing came out of the death camps. Some of these works were smuggled out, others were buried in the earth and found years later, some alas were never found.

In *Scroll of Agony*, the Warsaw diary of Chaim Kaplan this entry is found:

> In a spiritual state like the one in which I find myself at this time, it is difficult to hold a pen, to concentrate one's thoughts. But a strange idea has stuck in my head since the war broke out—that this is a duty I must perform. This idea is like a flame

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imprisoned in my bones, burning within me, screaming: Record! Perhaps I am the only one engaged in this work, and that strengthens and encourages me.

Irving Halperin, who is Professor of English and Creative Writing at San Francisco State College, has set himself the task of evaluating and giving some form to this vast amount of Holocaust literature that has accumulated over the years. It is a complex, difficult task he has undertaken for what stance should the scholar take towards this material? If he writes about it with distance and objectivity he thereby disqualifies himself for it is the whole point of all this literature to cry out against distance and objectivity and detachment and to speak for humaness and involvement and concern. On the other hand if he comes too close to the subject matter he must guard against losing his sanity and his ability to communicate.

Halperin walks a good line in these studies between icy detachment and over-involvement. His writing is scholarly, carefully documented, and precise; and yet he deals with feelings as well as with facts and he probes into the moral and the spiritual issues in the writings that he examines and not just the style. He has looked full face into the horrors of the Holocaust and yet he can still subscribe to the words with which Camus ends *The Plague*: "What we learn in a time of pestilence is that there are more things to admire in man than there are to despise."

It is to an exploration of the things there are to admire in man rather than to a chronicling of the bestiality that this book is devoted. A hassidic master once taught that it is the duty of every human being to remember the exodus from Egypt every day of his life. Not Egypt but the *exodus* from Egypt is what we are bidden to remember, stressed the sage, for if we remember Egypt too much we will go mad but if we remember the exodus then we will have an example that can give us hope. What Professor Halperin has done is go through the Egypt of our time in order to find and analyze for us some examples of exodus.

There are three human beings whose experiences and writings are given special study in this book: the psychiatrist, Viktor Frankl, the educator, Chaim Kaplan, and the novelist, Elie Wiesel. Each in his own way is a moving example of the capacity of man to outlive and to overcome the dehumanizing forces around him and within him.

Frankl is the father of a whole new school of psychiatry, a system that is the product of his experiences in the death camps. His writings tell of how he learned the truth of Neitzsche's dictum that a man can endure any *how* if only he knows the *why*. They recount how he found within himself the capacity to survive and to stay human under the most inhuman circumstances by holding on to the image of his wife and by clutching to the determination to survive so that he could write and teach the truths he had acquired.

Chaim Kaplan was a Jewish educator in Warsaw who from the beginning of the war felt the need to set down precisely what was happening, not out of the desire to attract the sympathy of anyone and not out of the desire to glorify anything, but simply so that the world might know. It is because his book is so factual that it moves us more than propaganda could. He records everything that he saw, the pettiness and the nobility of his people, the savagery and the occasional acts of kindness of the conquerors. Kaplan's book was the great abiding passion of his life, and when he and his wife were taken away to be slaughtered he buried it. Two decades later it was discovered, and now it has its place with the rest of the scrolls of agony and lamentation that our generation has inherited.

Elie Wiesel devotes a long and insightful chapter to his works. He chronicles the development within Wiesel's spirit from *Night* to *Dawn* to *The Accident* (in the French original called *Morning*), to *The Town Beyond the Wall* and on to *The Gates of the Forest*. He shows that these books are stages on a journey from deepest despair through the desire for revenge and the desire for death to the willingness to help and then from the isolation of the forest back to the company of men.

Holocaust Literature is a literature of blood and ashes and it is painful to read. And yet whoever reads it must come away with a measure of hope and consolation, for it contains the chronicles of people who were broken in body and yet not broken in spirit. To have gone through what these people did and survived they must have been strong. To have been able to go back over what they experienced and write it down they must have been stronger still. And to have produced works that are not negative, not nihilistic, but that are life-affirming—this is indeed something wondrous.

The Three-Cornered Heart

ANNE FREMANTLE

Viking, $8.95

MAISIE WARD

Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, Anne Fremantle's grandfather, comes first among the sketches of which this book is full. I remember him vividly as a friend of my mother's and was lately robbed of a brooch made of stones he

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had found which suggest the list in the Book of Revelation: jasper, onyx, agate, chrysolite, beryl, jacinth, amethyst—and the rest. I was never sure of all their names but I loved their varied colors and mourned anew when Anne recalled this hobby of the distinguished Governor of Madras.

Then there was his diary—fourteen volumes of it, which my memory had multiplied into forty. But although Anne is right in her criticism of their overall dullness there were many interesting items. It was from Sir Mountstuart that I first learnt of Browning's two eyes, one incredibly short- and the other long-sighted, which produced two different handwritings, one minute, the other only varying between large and enormous. And again though, as she says, the journal was like the man, wholly free from malice, Sir Mountstuart created more anxiety than a later generation can understand when each volume appeared. My mother meeting a usually affectionate cousin received a glare and was coldly asked "How are the obese cousins getting on?" For she had foolishly talked to Sir Mountstuart of these over-fat relatives one of whom had said, "Well, my dear, we don't often meet but the comfort is that each time we see more of one another."

Anne Fremantle's book however is not about the parents or grandparents of two attractive and vital girls but about the girls themselves. There is an element of stream of consciousness in it—for one has sometimes to look back a page to be certain whether one is listening to Anne or to her mother, known as Tiny, who wrote a great deal about a childhood in India which she ceased not to regret. There she had the strange experience of being in love at eleven years old, with little understanding of what such love meant, with a young aide-de-camp who had fallen passsionately in love with her.

Sent back to England Tiny became a pupil at the famous girls' school at Cheltenham the founders of which evoked the rhyme

Miss Buss and Miss Beale
Cupid's darts do not feel.
How different from us
Miss Beale and Miss Buss.

And indeed at Tiny's wedding Miss Beale was heard to murmur "The lower life, my dear child, the lower life."

But before this came growing up, a first ball, presentation at court and the rest, which remained much the same through my own girlhood and through Anne's, though the formality gradually grew less, dance programmes for instance disappearing—and the regular return to Mama between dances. It was in their own homes and other country houses that girls of these periods had the fullest and freest life. Tiny enjoyed especially the then famous pianists Monsieur and Madame Jacob Blumenthal with their salon in London and their chalet on the Lake of Geneva, reminding her of Ootacamund to which she was still faithful. She intended "to go there as I have always determined . . . for good. . . . Say my life is to last fifty years—I would sell fifteen years of it for £500 a year."

But it was only one year later that Tiny woke her sister up after an anticipatedly dull dinner party and said "I have met the man I am going to marry."

At this point Anne Fremantle leaves the mother she has described as "A Victorian Child" and comes on to the "Georgian Child" who was herself. Fed on goat's milk and thriving on it "in the Savoyard sunshine" her earliest memories are of journeys between Aix and London. But the first of these must have been beyond memory's reach, though we can see it in the painting by Arthur Rackham on the jacket of this book. Crowned by her glorious red hair Anne is "holding a sea-shell to her ear after being carried to England's shore by mermaids and sprites, who welcomed her to golden sands."

She was however a precocious child, canvassing at the age of seven for Ramsay Macdonald (whom she invited to her birthday party) and remembering Bertrand Russell's first visit after being jailed as a conscientious objector. He described to the children the horrors of a stomach pump—and Anne, seated between him and the governor of the Bank of England "politely asked if he too had come out of jail."

Her story of World War I gives the startling impression that Anne was milking cows at the age of four, and it is clear that she was writing poetry at eight and knew by heart Omar Khayyam and Gray's Elegy. I found her religious ins and outs of special interest: revolt and atheism, Mohammedanism, during which phase she and her sister Clare infuriated their governess by keeping the severe fast of Ramadan. And then came a time in France during which Anne learnt Latin. When the curé after a period of Virgil introduced

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REVIEWERS

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her to St. Augustine, she "came to love the meaning because of the language." Her mother, very naturally, had by now decided to prohibit any further religious changes until she reached the responsible age of twenty-one.

Sent by Tiny to the school she herself had hated, Anne managed to survive and to win a scholarship at Lady Margaret Hall Oxford. At Oxford she became engaged but also managed to embark on the project of an essay on J. M. Synge for which a prize had been offered. This took her to Ireland. Lady Gregory's reactions are entertainingly described—first a conviction that the essay was to be about herself, then a plan to marry this supposedly rich girl to her great-nephew Michael Shaw Taylor, who when they were alone groaned over this "in a sepulchral voice," but brightened when Anne shuddered and proclaimed herself already engaged. "Aunt Augusta" set out to entertain them, but Anne declares she saw the playwright Lord Dunsany shooting at his wife with a revolver while Lady Gregory went on talking placidly. All Anne knew was that Lady Dunsany put in no appearance at her own tea table. Yeats, met also in Ireland, she felt to be "like the River Liffey in spate, or the earliest Homeric stories . . ."

He told how, once in the United States, a rich woman had taken him, after he had been lecturing, in her Cadillac to give him dinner. Her small, meek husband was put in front with the chauffeur. "I so loved your reading," the lady said, "and especially 'Innisfree,' but why did you not read my favorite of all your poems, 'The Everlasting Mercy'?" "I like that poem very much too," Mr. Yeats agreed, "but I didn't write it. It's by my friend John Masefield." Whereupon the silent tiny husband turned his head and spat out, "Stung again."

From Oxford a leap to the United States takes us to the renewal of an acquaintance made there twenty-five years earlier with Evelyn Waugh who chided Anne severely for becoming an American citizen. It was "a sin of treason to the British Crown." Nevertheless he allowed her to arrange a meeting between him and Jacques Maritain which was *not* a success despite her efforts to steer them away from such subjects as the Spanish Civil War and the social encyclicals. "But it was quite obvious they had no possible agreement other than participation in the same faith: they hated each other in Christ."

One might choose her own comparison of the Liffey in spate for Anne Fremantle's book, casting up, as it rushes by, a host of good stories about the life, times and contemporaries of herself and her delightful mother.

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 435*)

crease in enrollment at the Academy of the Immaculate Conception, public school children from Opelousas were admitted to the Catholic schools in Grand Coteau 10 miles away, Arnaudsville 17 miles away, and Lafayette 20 miles away. The strict admissions policy of January 1970 was too late; the school had already become "the refuge of segregationists."

I admit I was too modest in talking about the results of the law suit. The Bishop did rescind his veto and changed the deadline for integration to September 1971, not 1972, as the article indicated. At a special meeting of the School Board in August, 1970, the new deadline was set "because of the possible harmful ramifications of having the plan for integrating the schools of the Diocese litigated in the courts."

Finally, the integration of the faculties of AIC and Holy Ghost is merely token. Faculty members are still assigned to their same positions and teach for short periods in the new situation. Of the 66 faculty members, 15 teach across racial lines for one period a day, 3 for two periods, and 2 for three periods. The white school has hired one Black teacher full time.

It might be almost 1958 . . . . . but it's a long way from 1971!

JULIET A. COZZI, R.S.C.J.
Committee for
Integrated Catholic Schools

Stop, Thief, Stop!

New York, N. Y.

To the Editors: I read with more than passing interest Joseph Volz's "The Fate of the Watchdog" [Jan. 8]. Please let us have more on the theme. The fact is that "stop the murder" fails to arouse the mass conscience. "Stop the thieves" might. "It's moider, fellas, moider" is spoken with feeling only at income tax time. Well then, let them know that a telling slice of that tax is the result of fraud, corruption, conspiratorial collusion! . . .

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